

The Children's Newspaper, January 9, 1943

# WHAT SORT OF PEOPLE ARE WE?

On the eve of the year which all men hope will end the war, Lord Kindersley, fighting so hard to stem waste and avoid inflation, has made a stirring appeal to all selfish spenders whose thoughtlessness is impeding the war, an ill reward, as he says, for the sacrifice and heroism of the fighting forces. All needless spending, he says, must be ruthlessly cut to speed up victory.

As the supreme hour in the history of Freedom approaches, the solemn figure of Destiny emerging from the shadows with the sword of liberation in her hand, every one of us will wish to be ready. We should hate not to be there, not to play our part or strike our blow on the battlefield which is to usher in the Warless World.

And so the time has come to ask ourselves if we are at our best, if we are taking our share of this momentous burden, if we are doing our Utmost for the Highest.

## Burdens on the World's Back

It is a pathetic thing that even now, with their whole present and future imperilled, there are those who do not care and those who do not think. Though a continent should perish, it is nothing to them. Perhaps we can hardly understand the young miner who slacks in the mine, the man who leaves screws loose in aeroplanes, the merchant seaman who sells his country and his life for eighteen pounds. We should loathe ourselves if we were like that. We should hate to be a burden on the back of the world.

But have we thought it out? Are we really putting every ounce of our strength into this battle for the life or death of every decent thing on earth? Are we fit to compare with the Highland piper who fell as he piped his company into action, or with the Highland stretcher-bearer who leapt into his place?

EITHER we are helping the world along or we are being carried on somebody else's back. A bitter thought that to take with us down the future, but will it come to us when it is too late? Every time we waste a drop of petrol we are being carried on the back of some brave man on a Tanker. Every time we waste a piece of bread we are a burden on some ship at sea. Every time we waste our money we are making it harder to pay for the war. Whenever we waste a sheet of paper we are adding to our national anxieties. Whenever we refuse to make a sacrifice which we know to be good for our cause we are failing the nation in its need.

## The Mark of Our Faith

Of course we readily accept our rations. We gladly cut down our necessities. We give up our cars, our holidays, our pleasures; our comfortable fires. We wait in vain for the books we want to read. We give up our favourite newspapers, cinemas, concerts, theatres. We have not seen the sea for years. We wear our old clothes. We prowl about our houses in the dark. We sit and shiver and go to bed in cold rooms. We sacrifice our daily bath. We have Christmas with few puddings, no nuts, no dates, no oranges. We have forgotten what it is like to have a boxful of good biscuits. We have few chocolates and fewer sweets. Fish has become an island luxury. We are going short of milk, and the sugar-pot is becoming a memory of far-off days.

Of course we can take it, as we say. It is the witness of our loyalty, the mark of our faith, that we have cut down our necessities and let our pleasures go. What is there we would not do to be worthy of these men who give their lives for us?

One thing there is we will not do. Our Government thinks so, and only we ourselves can show if it is right. The Government,

facing the dire peril in which we stand, will tax our needs to the uttermost. All these sacrifices we must make. Those with not too much to live upon must do with less, and we must not eat too much. But as for Drink, let it run like the Mississippi. As for our greatest luxury, let it go on. And as for smoking, why bother to ration that?

It is not necessary to dislike Drink to see that there is something passing strange in the way this luxury is sheltered in the war. We may be ready to forget all that Captain Scott said about alcohol being bad for endurance, and all that the Board of Education knows about its effect on hard work. We may be willing to accept the idea that a man likes his glass of beer so much that it is worth while letting him have it at any cost.

## Business as Usual

But strange it is that while the cry for ships goes ringing round the world, while our small savings need every stimulus, while every interest we have on earth cries to us to reduce our needs to the uttermost limit, our drinking, like our smoking, grows more and more. While we eat less of most things, we drink twice as much now as in the last war. "Plenty of beer: go to it," a Birmingham poster said, and who does not remember the slogan: "Drink more and win the war"? It seems a curious thing that while publishers

are in desperate need of paper, farmers of milk, bakers of flour, grocers of provisions, butchers of meat, builders of timber, railways of coal, and munition works of metal—while all these people are short of vital needs, in the Beer Trade business is as usual. It robs us of over a million tons of food a year. One great area of England is big enough to take in nine English counties and still have room for London, yet all this land only equals the area given up to Beer in a country driven so hard to grow its food and needing ships to bring it at the cost of the lives of men. "Dig for dear life!" cries Mr Hudson, and over a thousand square miles of our digging he gives to Beer.

WE are not striving here to make a case against drinking, but surely it is high time that Luxuries came into line with Needs! If the Government is afraid that the nation will submit to rationing in eating but not in drinking or in smoking, it is reasonable that we should

be told upon what evidence it bases its belief. *What sort of people does it think we are?*

It is surely an insult to the man who likes a drink to say that he likes it so much that he will imperil his country for the sake of it. If he takes it freely it is because the Government allows it to be offered freely, so that a man thinks the supply of it involves no risk to the nation. If so, can we not be told that the nation can well afford a bill of £750,000,000 a year on unproductive and unrationed luxuries? Will Lord Woolton assure us that we can spare the brewers about a pound of food a day from every home in England?

It is for us, in the meantime, to realise that we fight with this brake on our wheels, that we give up all this land, all this shipping, all this money, to two luxuries which have swollen to such vast proportions that even in peacetime they are recognised as wasteful, while in wartime they defy all rationing and become a grave anxiety. **Arthur Mee**

# CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

EVERY  
TUESDAY  
3dPOSTAGE  
Inland 1d  
Abroad 1d  
No 1242

EDITED BY ARTHUR MEE

## A Polish Family Walks to Freedom



This family of Poles has managed to escape into Persia and is here seen on its way to freedom in a new world



# ALL THESE THINGS HAPPENED IN 1942

## Men We Have Lost

*Among the famous people who have passed to their inheritance have been*

Two royal dukes, the Duke of Connaught, Queen Victoria's son, and the Duke of Kent, King George's brother;

Sir Flinders Petrie, discoverer and interpreter of ancient Egypt; Prebendary Carlile, venerable founder of the Church Army;

Sir Frederick Banting, the discoverer of insulin;

Sir Oswald Stoll, proprietor of cinemas and playhouses and producer of clean entertainment;

We have more people working than ever before, and they are healthier than ever.

Two of every three workers in the land are working on the war.

Two archbishops and 130 bishops called for a Better World at a great meeting at the Albert Hall.

It has been discovered that a seed can live as long as 237 years; one of this age is still fertile at South Kensington.

The National Trust has received the magnificent estate of Cliveden from Lord Astor; 90 acres of Kinderscout slopes; and in all over 20,000 acres.

But new roads are being built and new transport methods devised. The great Alaskan Highway has been built for 1500 miles in record time, quickening supplies to Asia.

A new road across Canada has been completed.

A highway across Africa has been laid thousands of miles.

India and Persia have been linked by railway.

The railways of Syria and Palestine have been joined up.

The desert railway from Alexandria to Libya has been extended 700 miles.

Mr. Kaiser, the American ship-builder, has startled the world by building ships while other people talk of them; completing a 10,000-ton ship in ten days.

The building of aeroplanes has been quickened up tremendously. Mr Ford has built a factory a mile long to turn out one an hour all the year round.

A remarkable example of what transport now makes possible is the fact that the Prime Minister has been in Washington, Egypt, and Moscow; General Smuts has been over here; Mrs Roosevelt has been here; Madame Chiang Kai-shek is now in Washington, and American and British ministers exchange capitals whenever they like.

Power-houses are developing; Canada is building the biggest in the world, with a million h.p. and the Grand Coulee Dam has begun work. It cost £26,000,000, is 553 feet high, has 11 million cubic yards of concrete, and irrigates 1,200,000 acres.

## The War Turns Round

THE war has turned round and the initiative is with the Allies everywhere.

There have been ups and downs in Libya and Egypt; but Rommel has been driven back 1000 miles.

The threat to Egypt and the Suez Canal has been overcome.

The biggest sea armada in history, sailing secretly in 850 ships, has won the French African Empire for the Allies and changed the whole outlook of the war.

The French Fleet at Toulon has been scuttled and snatched from Hitler's grip.

Laval has become an open traitor, but is rapidly losing influence in France. Marshal Pétain vanishes from the scene.

Malta has brought down her thousandth plane, and received the George Cross for her superb defiance of the Axis.

Madagascar, taken over by the British, has been handed to the Fighting French.

The first thousand bomber raids have been made on Germany.

Genoa, Turin, and Milan, supply bases of the Axis, have been heavily attacked, and it has become clear that Italy is a burden to Hitler; it would appear that Mussolini is likely to pass, like Pétain, from the scene.

The Russians have beaten the Nazis everywhere, putting hundreds of thousands of men out of the war at Stalingrad alone.

Hitler pledged his word to his people that Stalingrad should be taken, and has been driven back ever since.

He has suffered continual defeat since he took over com-

mand of the army; his forces retreat from Moscow, from Stalingrad, and in the Caucasus.

By sheer human courage the Russians have given the Nazis their first great beating, and the change in Africa has relieved the strain on them.

To safeguard the Peace we have entered into a 20-years alliance with Russia.

We have returned to Haile Selassie the crown stolen by the King of Italy.

We have devised increasingly successful ways of fighting submarines.

## America's Answer to the Japs

JAPAN's great year of conquest has come to an end.

She captured Burma, Hong Kong, Malaya, Java, the Solomons, and Papua, but the tide has turned against her.

She has been beaten by the Americans and the Australians in the Battle of the Coral Sea, the Battle of Midway Island, and the Battle of the Solomons, and has now been almost driven out of Papua.

Here she threatened Australia and New Zealand, but the Australians, under the American General MacArthur, have removed the threat to the continent.

The march from Port Moresby over the Owen Stanley Range and down to Buna is one of the epics of the war, and has saved Australia from grave peril.

America has sunk 400 Japanese ships and put 250,000 Japs out of the war.

America has taken over British bases for fighting submarines, and is defending Iceland and Greenland; she has also occupied Liberia.

She has built airfields in deserts, jungles, forests, and on Arctic glaciers.

## LITTLE NEWS REELS

THE United States Army camps in this country have no alcohol, and the soldiers have no rum ration.

A Darby and Joan club has been started at Streatham for old age pensioners.

In the last eight months the British Government has spent £10,000,000 in relieving refugees.

The Government has declared that the independence of Albania is one of its war aims, and Mr Cordell Hull has urged Albanians to shoot the Italian tyrants at sight.

There are now five million men in the United States Army.

One-third of all our people now hold Savings Certificates.

THE children of a street at Beswick, Manchester, full of working-class houses, have been holding street concerts and selling small toys which they have made themselves, and as a result they handed £6 to the local branch of the Red Cross.

Miss Rathbone, M.P., has raised an important and interesting point in the House of Commons; she suggests that hotels should be made to supply drinking water where lunches and dinners are served instead of making it difficult, as so many do.

She has done what no nation ever did before in the first year of a war: built 50,000 planes, 50,000 tanks and big guns, 8,000,000 tons of shipping, and has spent over 40 per cent of her income on the war.

She has also sent a million men overseas, fully equipped.

Her generals are in command of British troops in Australia and in Africa.

## Hitler Among the Miserables

HITLER's speeches have been fewer, and obviously those of a man frustrated and menaced with defeat.

He has started the systematic extermination of the Jews in Poland and has murdered over a million of them.

All over Europe he has revived the barbarous system of hostages, shooting people at random.

The Nazis have starved to death one in ten of the whole population of Athens.

Thousands of innocent men have been shot in the place of men the Gestapo could not find.

The whole village of Lidice was wiped out and even its records destroyed.

The Allies have pledged themselves to punish all men guilty of these crimes.

Hitler has created a private army a million strong to resist any rising among the German people.

The number of countries declaring war on him has been brought up to 40 with Brazil and Abyssinia.

In his rage he has turned the German High Command upside down, dismissing commander after commander.

He has still great strength, but his power declines while the power of the Allies grows, and his doom is sealed.

Some A.T.S. girls in a heavy A.A. battery shared in the destruction of a Dornier 217 off East Anglia recently.

The first woman income tax collector in this country has just been appointed. She is Miss N. M. Varley, of Kendal.

## Scout and Guide News Reel

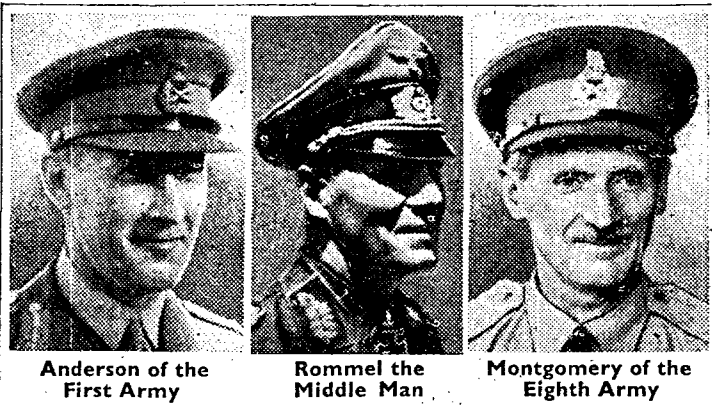
THE Newton Abbot Scout Troop collected and repaired, and distributed more than 400 toys to poor children at Christmas.

The 1st Balderton Troop has raised £169 for the B.P. Memorial Fund, an average of £3 per Scout.

The Air Scouts have held a National Exhibition at Dorland Hall, Regent Street, London.

The Bronze Cross, the Guide V.C. has been awarded to Miss Simmonds of Mandalay and to Miss Elizabeth Hardy of Rangoon, both Guiders, for their gallantry when the hospitals where they were working were bombed.

Though seriously injured during the bombing of Mablethorpe Guide Beryl Dennis, age 14, showed magnificent courage during rescue operations; she has been awarded the Certificate of Merit.



Anderson of the First Army

Rommel the Middle Man

Montgomery of the Eighth Army

Mr Wilson Steer, one of our noblest artists, who received the O.M. for his work;

Sir Francis Younghusband, explorer of Tibet;

Mr J. A. Spender, the famous Liberal journalist;

General Hertzog, Boer patriot and Prime Minister.

A death that was hailed with delight throughout the world was that of Butcher Heydrich, one of Hitler's chief murderers and Himmler's assistant.

Two deaths of old friends were the Cockatoo at the Zoo, aged 138, and the elephant Alice, who died in Australia at 153, she and Jumbo having given rides at the Zoo before most of us were born.

## How the Year Went Round at Home

THE 3000-year-old tin mines of Cornwall have started working again.

Dr William Temple has been enthroned as Archbishop of Canterbury, succeeding Dr Lang.

A national fund has been opened for a memorial to Lord Baden-Powell, and has raised so far more than £100,000.

We have ways of setting the blind to work on munitions.

More people have been reading books than ever, and there have been record sales of Book Tokens.

There has never been so little paper for the printing of books in this country.

There have been 1000 accidents a day in our factories.

About 7000 people have been killed on our roads.

Tuberculosis has gained a greater hold and become the chief cause of death between 10 and 40.

Two valuable new drugs, penicillin and sulphapyridine, have saved thousands of lives.

The B.B.C. has decided against slushy singing.

We have produced more milk than ever and given it every day to every child at school.

Two great reports have been issued concerning the countryside, the Scott and Uthwatt reports; they would save land from being misused, improve our villages, abolish cinder heaps, and fill up deserted quarries.

Sir William Beveridge's report on Social Security has become world-famous and promises immense developments in abolishing the fear of want.

We have spent £750,000,000 on drinking and smoking.

The sum paid out for damage done in raids has reached £36,000,000, nearly half of it for work actually done.

Sir Stafford Cripps has been on a mission to India with an offer of independence, which failed owing to the obstinate differences between Indian parties.

## The Riches of the Earth

THE harvests available for the free countries of the world have been magnificent, and almost unparalleled.

In this country we have more than doubled our growth of food.

The United States wheat harvest has been the biggest in history, reaching nearly 1000 million bushels.

In Canada the wheat harvest was 600 million bushels.

The Allies are building up vast stores of wheat for the hungry populations of Europe when the war ends.

Britain has given Persia wheat to bring her supply up to her needs.

Canada is giving Greece 15,000 tons of wheat a month.

The Navy has brought into this country 30 million tons of food.

## Transport Wonders

TREMENDOUS strides forward have been taken to quicken up transport.

Our loss of the Mediterranean compelled us to send our supplies to Egypt 12,000 miles round.

The loss of the Burma Road cut China off from the main source of her supplies.



The Children's Newspaper, January 9, 1943

## The Fish That Stayed Behind

SOME fishermen having lamented the possible effects of bombs and other explosives on our fishing grounds, one recalled how, after the rest given to the fishing by the last war, the numbers and sizes of catches increased beyond all belief.

Then one of the party told how Nature, as well as man, may disturb the tranquillity of life in the sea. Some years ago, he said, he saw the sea at Tenby alive with mackerel. The tide turned, but for some reason the fish did not follow it but continued inshore,

### OLD SOLDIER PASSES ON

An old soldier of 65, with three sons in the Forces, was recently knocked down in the street and killed while doing his shopping.

His sons were informed of his death, but not one could be released from his duties in time for the funeral. One of them wired to the British Legion local headquarters, asking them for help in arranging the funeral, and the officials of the Legion responded and attended to everything, giving the old soldier an honourable military farewell.

### COLDS

In the British Medical Journal, Dr Massey and Dr Pearson, Coventry's medical officers, say that inquiry has shown that between November 1941 and May 1942 colds and influenza were found to cause the greatest loss of time among workers in war factories. About half of the men and women workers lost some working time during the six months through sickness. Both doctors warn us against over-training war-workers.

### The World We Want to See

As a step towards "The World We Want to Live in" the National Conference of Christians and Jews in the United States has made a short film, which they send free of charge to schools and churches.

The film bears the above title, and shows some of the results in Europe and America of race prejudice, challenging those who see it to respect religious and racial and national differences so that the future shall not be disfigured by the hatreds rampant today.

### SALUTE

An exhibition of American photographs has been held in Yorkshire. Among the exhibits were portraits of President Roosevelt and Mr Churchill, and a dramatic turn of events occurred when a colonel present observed: "It is with great pride that I salute the two greatest men in the world." As he said this he saluted smartly, then turned upon his heel and walked away.

### POSTMAN'S HORN

Are there any readers of the C N, we wonder, who in remote country districts still hear the postman's horn as he appears with his bag in the morning, or blows it to give warning to those who wish to post letters as he passes by in the evening?

The writer was familiar in earlier years with such a sound in a North Cheshire hamlet and remembers still how thrilled the boys and girls used to be with the long-drawn-out hoot of old Ned's horn as this time-honoured village postman gave warning that he was making his last collection and could not wait any longer,

so that as the waves receded the fish were left stranded, millions of them apparently. Anyone who wished to do so could wade in and collect them by the cartload. It was not a fisherman's harvest, however, for the glut had come unexpectedly, and where collecting was done on a large scale the fish were simply gathered up to be utilised for glue and fertilisers.

No imaginable number of mines or torpedoes could work such havoc among the fish of the sea as that tide that played with the mackerel.

## FROM AMERICA TO RUSSIA

Ten million surgical dressings made by American Red Cross volunteers are now on their way to Russia for wounded soldiers. The American Red Cross is also shipping 500,000 pounds of powdered milk for the war orphans.

In addition to more than half a million garments contributed for homeless Russian war victims, more than half a million children's garments have been sent to the orphans for whom the Union of Red Cross and Red Crescent Societies have established homes in several cities.

## Master Reynard Grows Bold

FORTUNATELY for our farmers, it is seldom indeed that we hear of foxes attacking sheep in this country. That form of depredation is usually reserved for wolves, and our once-fierce wolf population has long since disappeared.

But in Upper Wharfedale, that lonely part of the West Riding of Yorkshire, Master Reynard is now venturing thus boldly. Having almost exterminated the rabbits in the district, he is turning on the sheep. Within ten miles of the tiny hamlet of Outer-

shaw no fewer than 250 foxes have lately been destroyed.

But apart from the need to protect the sheep, the trouble is that the fox is a wanton fellow. Unlike other beasts of prey, he is not content with killing merely for food. He kills for lust of destruction, and a fox who once gets into a chicken-house will destroy everything in sight. That is why the Wharfedale farmers will make short work of Mr Reynard.

## THOSE NUMBER EIGHT TORCHES

No more number eight torches will come on the market, and batteries for them are nowhere to be bought. This is a great nuisance to shopkeepers and the public. Most shopkeepers actually put up a notice "No Number Eight Batteries."

We are told that the manufacture of number eight torches is discontinued, but we hope this is untrue, for if we are compelled to buy bigger ones we shall have to spend money on bigger batteries. The number eight torch is wanted in every house.

May we repeat also that what is wanted are small lamps burning only eight or 15 watts. Two of these in every house, for use in corridors and so on, would make a considerable difference in the nation's fuel consumption.

## THE SAWDUST CAR

Sawdust is a waste product, and we learn that a motor-car using sawdust as fuel will soon be on the roads. Sawdust is so cheap and plentiful that the car, if successful, will be a blessing.

With gas produced in a trailer carried behind the car the vehicle is said to be capable of driving a small car 50 miles on a bag of fuel costing 2d, petrol being used only for starting.

## The Miracle of the Spruce

A remarkable thing appears to have happened to our spruce trees.

Before the war we were compelled to import all our seed for the common spruce from Central Europe, and the supply has now been cut off, with serious loss to our forestry department.

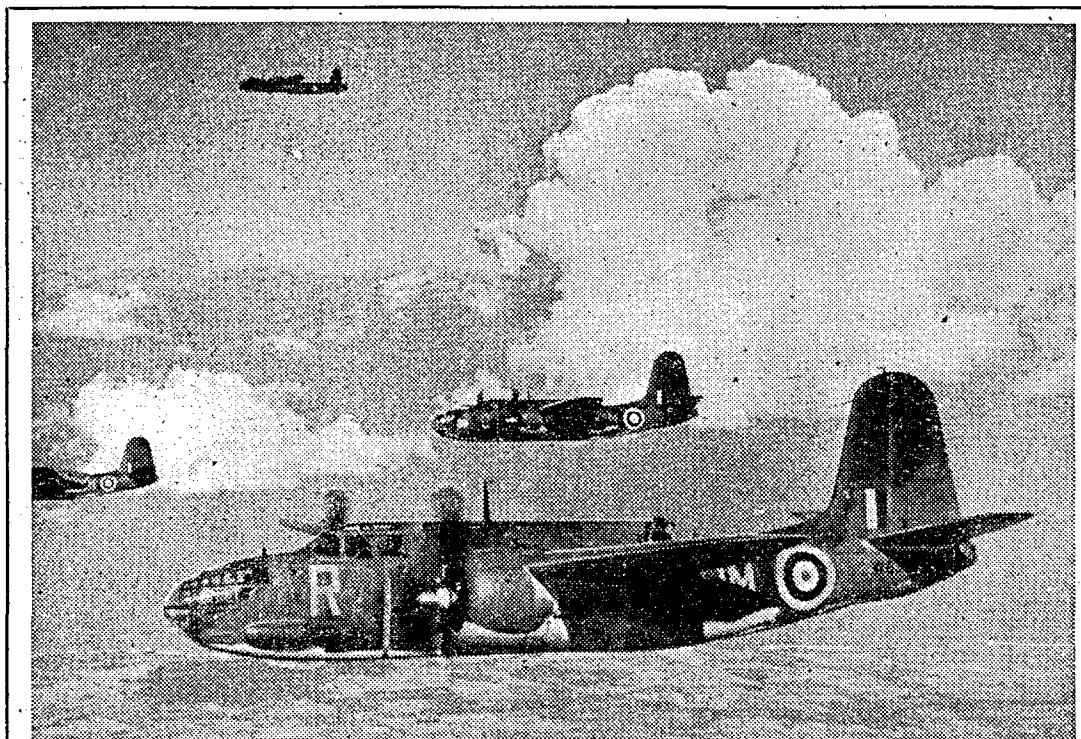
But this year it has happened that the spruce has been astonishingly rich in cones, even the small trees bearing them—a most unusual experience. This is true over the whole countryside, and the cone harvest is enough to plant many thousands of acres.

## CHILDREN'S HONEY COMPANY

Market Rasen, in Lincolnshire, is sometimes said to be a sleepy old place, but its boys and girls are not sleepy.

For some time now the children at a school in the district have owned a bee-keeping company, which was a success from the beginning. It was marketed in a most businesslike way. Customers, at first attracted because of the novelty of so young an enterprise, remained customers because they got good value for their money.

Now the results of another year's trading are announced. The boy and girl shareholders in the company have each received a dividend of 175 per cent.



The Sky is Lonely No More

Boston bombers set out for a daylight raid on enemy territory

## GETTING THE CROPS TO MARKET

In Southern Rhodesia at harvest time farmers were faced with the problem of getting their crops to market because under war conditions sacks were not to be found.

However, the natives set to work and made great numbers of big baskets out of any coarse grass available, or from pliable canes within reach. So the maize, beans, and other crops were able to be properly handled.

## THE EDITOR CALLING

The Editor is anxious to obtain copies of the popular booklets by the witty writers Charles L. Graves and E. V. Lucas, dealing with his early part publications.

The books were called Farthest from the Truth, Hustled History, and History While You Wait, and were widely sold in paper covers at a shilling in the first decade of this century. The Editor would be grateful if any reader could spare a copy for him.

## MILLIONTH OF A SECOND

What will science do next? Mr E. R. Davies has been telling the Royal Institution in London that it is now possible to take a photograph in less than a millionth of a second. He has been explaining that kinema photographs taken at 4000 a second may do much to open up new avenues of scientific exploration, and we may be sure that with such instruments as this our scientists will discover amazing things in the next few years.

## Poets of Malta Meet

GENERAL DOBBIE, the Hero of Malta, is better now. Only the severe illness which brought him back to England for treatment could have made him move from the bombs which rained down on George Cross Island.

So when, the other day, the Poets Club decided to pay tribute to Malta, Sir William Dobbie and his charming wife had to be there. The occasion was unusual, for it was the first time any public honour had been paid to the language and literature of Malta.

We know that the Maltese language is the same tongue as was spoken by Dido, the legendary Queen of Carthage, and by the mighty Hannibal, victor over the Romans in battle after battle over 2000 years ago. Mr Edward Ellul, who has made many translations from Maltese into English

verse, said at this meeting that Maltese is 3400 years old as a spoken literature, but it is only just over a hundred years since it was reduced to writing, and it is now written in the Latin script, which gives it a strange appearance in print.

Nevertheless, the ancient language, so similar today to Arabic and Hebrew despite the fact that it is written like most European tongues, kept its character, its grace, and its virility through all those centuries. General Dobbie listened with deep and close attention to the story of Malta's literature. It never occurred to him that what brought so many Maltese in London to the meeting was not merely their desire to hear about their own speech and its poetical progress, but to see as close as possible the splendid soldier and faithful

Christian gentleman whose bravery has made him a legend to all Maltese, and whose conception of religion made him, a member of the Plymouth Brethren, rejoice as fully as any man in the devotion of Maltese Catholics to their glorious churches and shrines.

Well, there were the poets of London, including Maltese poets, and there was General Dobbie and Lady Dobbie, listening to them. There, too, was Sir Harry Luke, Governor of Malta from 1930 to 1938, who had a word to say about the ridiculous pretensions of Mussolini to claim the proud Maltese as "unredeemed Italians." Malta, which came of her own free will into the British Empire in 1815, is hardly likely to want to be a part of Fascist Italy, certainly not of Mussolini's Italy. Who would?



## The EDITOR'S TABLE

### MILTON'S SPLENDOUR

WE remember that Mr Asquith, in writing a letter of sympathy to a lady on the loss of her husband in the First World War, asked her to remember the fine lines by Milton near the end of Samson Agonistes:

*Nothing is here for tears, nothing to wail  
Or knock the breast, no weakness, no contempt,  
Dispraise or blame, nothing but well and fair,  
And what may quiet us in death so noble.*

It would be well if everyone treasured a copy of these verses in these days. There is something simple and sublime in them, as Mr Asquith said, which "lifts and soothes in its very austerity."

### A Little Every Day

FEW nobler men breathe in the world today than General Smuts. He leads a busy life and has little time to spare, but we hear that, no matter how much business he has on hand, he always finds time to read a little of his Greek Testament.

### The Hammer Rings in the Shipyard

A C N reader of 86, still working in one of our busiest shipyards, writes us a cheery New Year letter in which are these lines:

THEY say I'm an octogenarian; I am not much in love with the phrase, For I feel just as well and as frisky As I did in my earlier days.

No staff do I need to support me, A sledge-hammer swing suits me best.

To the shipyard I go every morning, If Hitler disturbs not my rest.

Our greetings to young Tom Speers, swinging the hammer at 86 to the astonishment of the sixteens.

### JUST AN IDEA

If a man would be great he must feel that his life belongs to his country, and that what gifts he has are in trust for mankind.

## Under the Editor's Table

IT is almost impossible to buy a baby's rattle. The babies must be rattled.

A NATIONAL Coal Board has been formed. Why not a wooden one?

PEOPLE who take their meals out may have to give up coupons. They usually take meals in.

A WOMAN has been appointed travelling gas-fitter on the L M S Railway. Light work.

### Peter Puck Wants to Know



If the sands are running out with Rommel

ONE of the eccentricities of a well-known man is never to wear a hat that fits. It is just put on.

COAL is now dearer. We shall have to lump it.

AN MP says he always manages to take a few minutes for a walk. Hope they enjoy it.

## A Nation Growing Old

MUCH of the success of the Beveridge Plan depends on the age of our people as a whole, for the older the nation is the less is its earning power and the greater is the need for pensions.

Here are some astonishing facts which show the great need to look ahead in these matters.

In 1901 we had 37 million people. Of these 12 millions were under 15, while nearly three millions were made up of men over 65 and women over 60.

In 1941 we had nearly 47 million people, nine million children under 15, men over 65 and women over 60 more than five millions.

In 40 years the children up to 15 had decreased by a quarter and the old people had doubled!

Look forward thirty years.

In 1971 the children up to 15 will have fallen to seven or eight millions, while the old will have increased by four millions.

So the lapse of thirty years (according to the estimate of the Registrar-General) will see a grave fall in the number of the nation's children, while the number of people drawing old age pensions will have made an enormous increase.

Changes so great will have an enormous influence on the nation.

*The number of working people will have fallen.*

*The energy and enterprise of the nation will have fallen.*

*The fighting power of the nation will have fallen.*

It is when we ponder such considerations that we see how necessary it is to take measures to increase the birthrate, and maintain the nation's strength.

## THE AUSTERITY BUS

By Our London Lad

WE call it the Austerity Bus because it cuts things so fine.

When we are waiting for it, as we are compelled to do in the rush hour, we almost despair of it, thinking it must have been taken off, for, if the truth be told, there are not many buses of its number, which is another form of its austerity. But no! here it comes not many minutes late; but when we dash for it we find it a tight fit, and only just get on to the platform. It has a shy habit of hiding itself behind one or two other buses, and beginning to move off before they do. It is not going to be later than it can help.

The lady conductor, patient under much trial, partakes at these times of the bus's austerity. "No standing on the platform," says she, with some sharpness, and yet the war-workers continue to stand there. "Move farther up inside," she pleads desperately, but if they did the

bus would burst. It is a tight fit. An odd thing about our austerity bus is that there are always in it a number of early birds who seem to have done very well on their rations. They are wedged in the seats, and support stout bags containing fresh supplies of food.

The one thing not austere about the bus is the good humour of the passengers. As the tired conductor pushes her way through the pack, with her appeal, "Any more fares, please?" they fall over one another and sometimes sit sharply down on a sitter. "Sorry," they say, and as often as not the sitter will say, "Here, you take my seat. I'm getting out at the next stop."

As we trundle on there is a trifle more breathing space as the "next stoppers" leave us; and a little conversation. "Well, I don't mind as long as there isn't a fog; were you out in the big one?" Here the austerity of the bus conductor breaks down. "I was," says she, "and I sat two hours on the bus fender waiting for it to clear before we could move on again."

These scraps of talk are only incidental. The real cries of London now are not the old ones, but those we hear in the austerity bus: "No standing on the platform. Move farther up inside, please. Any more fares? Mind how you get off. And (words of fate) No more room here, no more room; there's another bus behind!"

### Hitler's Stalingrad Men

HE counted them at break of day, And when the sun set, where were they? Byron

## Every Sailor's Friend SAINT GEORGE DOWN EAST

IN London's Dockland a remarkable man sat at his desk and asked the C N a remarkable question. "I am retiring," he agreed, "but how can I retire?"

As if to lend point to the query, the telephone rang. This time, when he had finished the conversation, he told his caller that it was a tragic one. A sailor had fallen into a dock at Cardiff while on the way back to his ship in the Blackout. He was drowned. Could the Society find his parents and break the news?

Well, the Society could; George Dempster knew that. The British Sailors Society is one of the greatest friends that seamen have anywhere, in war or in peace. It has 130 hostels in all parts of the world, one for every year of its existence, and sailors of all nations, creeds, and colours look to it for comfort and help in their troubles—and in those of their kith and kin.

### Problems to Be Solved

Here was one of the hundred calls that come each day to the head office in the Commercial Road. The Revd George Dempster, a Saint George if ever there was one, looked round as he put down the telephone. "Behind me," he said, "in those pigeon-holes there are a quarter of a million records. I daresay it will not take long to find this poor fellow's people."

The telephone rang again. "H'm," he mused, "that's a queer one. Two boys of 15 have turned up somewhere in Hampstead. The Citizens Advice Bureau there want to know if I can find a ship for them. But the lads have never been to sea before, so that can't be done at the moment. Besides, it appears that they have walked or hitchhiked from Port Ellesmere in Cheshire to find a ship in London! That wants some explanation. We'll have to look into it."

Few of our wartime organisations are more resourceful than the Citizens Advice Bureau, but in Hampstead they knew that the quickest way with a problem of the kind these two youngsters presented was to ring up Mr George Dempster at 680 Commercial Road.

### In London's Dockland

He will be 72 in the spring, but not 72 years old. Such men do not grow old. They have the secret of eternal youth; and that is one of the reasons why George Dempster, Welfare Superintendent of the British Sailors Society for more than a quarter of a century, cannot really retire.

He has worked for 42 years in London's Dockland, first as a missionary, then in his present post; but his marvellous memory goes back 60 years, to the days when the Ratcliff Highway, now more or less laid waste by Nazi bombs, was one of the wickedest streets in the world.

"Who can ever count the lives that were ruined there," he said; "the lives of fine seamen who fell into the toils of low public-houses and the ruffians who prey upon seamen all over the world? The haunts of evil are not yet gone from the district, but the fact that so many have disappeared is due to the work of organisations like the British Sailors Society."

"Our first headquarters were in Mercer Street, Shadwell, close to two of the very worst drinking

resorts in the East End. Adulterated spirits, bad gin, poisonous whisky, doped beer, were the curse of the sailorman; they left him helpless at the mercy of the ghouls who prey on seamen.

"Much good work was done to fight the evil. It was indeed a hard fight, but worth while, and our first great victory came in 1908, when the Liberal Government was pressing forward with its historic Licensing Act. At the churches in the East End, called for a united crusade, and we marched in thousands with 13 denominations at the head of the procession. Lord Lang, who was then Bishop of Stepney and until last year Archbishop of Canterbury, was one of them. The splendid Joseph Stern, minister of the Jewish Synagogue at Stepney, marched arm-in-arm with a Roman Catholic priest and a Nonconformist pastor.

### A Famous Victory

"Needless to say, our enemies, who flourished by the drink traffic, could not stand this, and that week their agents smashed up the halls of our society. I was followed home one night by a gang of roughs and beaten up. I lost 16 teeth.

"The Stepney Green meeting was a brilliant success," Mr Dempster went on, "and 300 low-class drinking dens in the district were shut under the Act. It was a famous victory.

"Yet even now all is not won. There has been serious going-back in the past two years, owing to the encouragement of drinking among sailors by the powers that be. I regard the introduction of seamen's clubs which sell alcohol as a very backward step. I could wish that the National Seamen's Union, which has done so much fine work for our sailors, would take a firm stand against Drink.

"No liquor is to be had at any of our hostels and institutes, and the best men do not like the idea that it should be sold. Yet the truth is that we are being pressed to allow it. The lengths to which this traffic will go are incredible.

"The drink trouble at the end of the last war was so serious here in Dockland that the ECC asked us to put up the finest hostel in the world to get seamen away from the bad spots.

"Our work goes on steadily. I hope to remain, after my so-called retirement, in an advisory capacity, and to retain the secretaryship of the International Sailors Brotherhood, which I founded during the last war, and which now has 22,000 members among 36 nationalities. The future for the seaman is brighter. His wages are double what they were, even apart from bonus, and I think they will never go back very much in that."

Apart from his great work for our seamen Mr Dempster has



## Boys of the Young Brigade



The Boys Brigade marches into the New Year with more members than last year, 85,000. These boys of the First Enfield Company are last year's campers.

Continued from the previous column

written much in the missionary cause. His book on "Finding Men for Christ" has been translated into many languages and has a striking story to tell about it, a story told by his friend Toji Kagawa, "the Saint Francis of Japan."

In a village outside Kobe when Japan's war on China was at its height, Kagawa saw a blind man reading Mr Dempster's book, put into Japanese Braille, to an audience of countrymen who could not read. He overheard one of the onlookers say, "Wouldn't it be a fine thing if we could have this book translated into Chinese. Braille for our blind Chinese brethren?"

Kagawa is in a Japanese prison now for his "dangerous thoughts," but the spirit which hates war and believes in the brotherhood of all mankind cannot be stifled, whether in Japan or in Italy or in Germany. Sailors, of all men, know that glorious brotherhood, and they are good fellows, friends of peace all of them, and fine ambassadors. They will miss the helping hand and the cheery voice of their friend George Dempster, and they, too, will join with us in hoping that after all these years of service this Stalwart of the Kingdom will renew his youth like the eagle and refuse to be still or to grow old.

## The Black Watch in the Cyclone

IN October a terrible cyclone ravaged the Mindapore district of Bengal, causing the death of 11,000 people and 75,000 cattle.

The story has only just been released of the grand rescue work done by the Black Watch, who were then stationed in the neighbourhood.

They saved people who had been trapped; they removed the dead; they repaired breached banks where the flood water was pouring through; they restored broken-down telegraph services, and so hastened aid in food and medical assistance. They used anything that would float to

convey men, women, and children across the raging waters.

We are told that the beating of the wind and rain made speech impossible, while visibility was nil. Houses fell like cards, and their iron roofs sliced their way irresistibly down the streets, killing everyone in their path. Trees were torn from their roots, and thousands of snakes floated past on the water through which the Highlanders were wading, often shoulder deep.

The Black Watch soon ran through their own resources, but were able to tide over until relief could come from farther afield.

## BIRDS OF THE WILDERNESS

FAR away are many thousands of our young men, but home tidings come to them more often than we might imagine. A little bird tells them that England is not really very far away.

North Africa and Palestine are frequented by many birds much loved in our own land.

We heard the other day from an Englishman in the Middle East who had been thrilled to see the swallows still flying south, and to think (as he did with intense delight) that perhaps some

of them had nested near his own home in a southern county.

Not long ago a Yorkshireman in North Africa saw a swallow resting on an army truck, and the feathered messenger brought him happy memories of his own home near the Pennines. Apart from the chatty sparrows to be found everywhere in the Middle East a great number of birds common to England may be seen, among them shrikes, willow-warblers, skylarks, wagtails, terns, redshanks, herons, and coots.

## CARRY ON

### THE OLD WARHORSE

HAST thou given the horse strength? Hast thou clothed his neck with thunder? Canst thou make him afraid as a grasshopper? The glory of his nostrils is terrible.

He paweth in the valley, and rejoiceth in his strength; he goeth on to meet the armed men.

He mocketh at fear, and is not affrighted; neither turneth he back from the sword.

The quiver rattleth against him, the glittering spear and the shield.

He swalloweth the ground with fierceness and rage; neither believeth he that it is the sound of the trumpet.

He saith among the trumpets, Ha, ha; and he smelleth the battle afar off, the thunder of the captains, and the shouting.

Job's description of the warhorse

### People Must Think

WE cannot leave politics to politicians, or political economy to college professors. The people themselves must think, because the people alone can act.

Henry George

### WINTER MORNINGS

GOD bless all early risers. Who'd love to lie in bed, But have to start the day's work Before the dawn instead.

Before the fire is burning, When rooms are dark and chill, God bless all early risers And keep them cheery still.

God bless them all when facing The winter wind and rain With weary steps, and often With weary heart and brain.

Remind them, Lord, that long ago Thy Son of woman born The night of weeping vanquished By rising with the dawn.

H. L. G.

### Trade and Happiness

COULD commerce be relieved of all its shackles, and each country be free to exchange with others mutual surpluses for mutual wants, the greatest mass possible would then be produced of those things which contribute to human life and human happiness; the numbers of mankind would be increased, and their condition bettered.

Thomas Jefferson

### THEY WHO RULE

WE shall exult, if they who rule the land Be men who hold its many blessings dear, Wise, upright, valiant; not a servile band Who are to judge of danger which they fear. And honour which they do not understand.

Wordsworth

### The Evils We Bring on Ourselves

BY luxury we condemn ourselves to greater torments than have yet been invented by anger or revenge, or inflicted by the greatest tyrants upon the worst of men.

Sir William Temple

## The House of Life is Yours

Oh, was I born too soon, my dear, or were you born too late, That I am going out the door while you come in the gate? For you the garden blooms galore, the castle is *en fête*; You are the coming guest, my dear; for me the horses wait.

I know the mansion well, my dear, its rooms so rich and wide; If you had only come before, I might have been your guide, And hand-in-hand with you explore the treasures that they hide; But you have come to stay, my dear, and I prepare to ride.

Henry Van Dyke, written in later life to a young girl

Then walk with me an hour, my dear, and pluck the reddest rose Amid the white and crimson store with which your garden glows. A single rose—I ask no more of what your love bestows; It is enough to give, my dear—a flower to him who goes.

The House of Life is yours, my dear, for many and many a day; But I must ride the lonely shore, the Road to Far Away. So bring the stirrup-cup and pour a brimming draught, I pray; And when you take the road, my dear, I'll meet you on the way.

## VICTOR HUGO'S ENGLAND

OVER that sea, in calm majesty, lies the proud island whose existence consoles me for a thousand continental crimes, and vindicates for me the goodness of Providence.

Yes, yes, proud England, thou art justly proud of thy colossal strength—more justly of thy Godlike repose. Dare I murmur that the mists will clear for me, and I shall but hear the rumbling wheels of the chariot, the hour of England? It will come—it is coming—it has come! The whole world, aroused as by some mighty galvanism, suddenly raises the wild cry of love and

admiration, and throws itself into the bounteous bosom of England.

Henceforth there are no nations, no peoples, but one and indivisible will be the world, and the world will be England. Her virtue and her patience have triumphed. The lamp of her faith, kindled at the apostolic altars, burns as a beacon to mankind. Her example has regenerated the erring, her mildness has rebuked the rebellious, and her gentleness has enchanted the good. *Her type and her temple shall be the Mecca and Jerusalem of a renewed universe.* Victor Hugo

### HOME OF LIBERTY

WHERE the spirit of the Lord is, there is liberty. Paul

### We Could Not If We Would

WE could not if we would from Beauty's form escape, The moonlight is too merciful, the sun too gay, And faith too strong that impulse to obey Which leaves the world for pessimists to shape.

Freda Macdonnell

### It Might Have Been

I ONCE met a kind man Who laughed with me; I'd have liked him for a brother, For his jollity.

He mentioned Beersheba And Galilee, And other places lying deep In the cool country.

A little boy told me, Stopping in his play, That it might have been Christ Who talked to me that day.

Harold Lewis Cook



THIS ENGLAND The footpath by the old mill at Finchingfield in Essex



## Laziness Goes to the Dogs

WE sometimes hear certain people described contemptuously as parasites, meaning that, like habitual criminals and others, they live at the expense of their neighbours. This mode of life is widespread throughout nature and is of much interest and significance. Its origin in human beings may be traced to simple laziness, a desire to enjoy the good things of life without working for them.

There are numerous remarkable examples of animal parasites. Take, for instance, the Pilot Fish, closely related to the respectable mackerel, which accompanies the voracious shark in his nefarious career. The Pilot Fish swims generally just in front and above the head of the shark, hence its name; and it lives on the small portions of food, scattered when the shark makes a kill. In fact, the Pilot Fish may be said to live on the crumbs which fall from the rich shark's table.

All this is quite in order with the habits of parasites, but what is passing strange is the fact that, so far as is known, even the most deadly shark, which will attack and kill most living things, never attacks the Pilot Fish. There is evidently some sort of working agreement between these two creatures, which, if put into words, might read: "Very well, you pilot me to my prey, and you can keep going on what I leave. If you do this I shall not attack you." Probably Hitler said something like this to Mussolini.

Then there is the case of the tiny marine organism attaching itself to the shell in which a hermit crab has taken up its abode. As with the Pilot Fish, so this creature exists on the scraps of food which the crab discards. Moreover, if the crab is put into another empty shell in the aquarium, the parasite before long becomes aware of it and

transfers itself to a good position on the new shell, which is a very astounding thing.

Though parasites may be said to fare sumptuously every day, there is an inevitable and terrible penalty they have to pay for their laziness and incapacity. This is illustrated most clearly in the case of parasites which, because of their mode of life, have lost their eyes, their digestive organs, and the means of locomotion. They do not need these, and so long disuse has obliterated them. The only thing they have developed is a special apparatus for "hanging on."

They are indeed classic examples of hangers-on. It is imagined by many people that evolution must always mean a march from a lower to a higher stage of life, but in the case of parasites, evolution has been backward. It would seem that there is a moral for us to take to heart in this matter. If ever we abandon our sturdy and aggressive independence, and allow anyone, or any body of people, to do everything for us, we have indeed started on the downward path which leadeth to destruction.

All the most wonderful and beautiful forms of life around us, and we ourselves, have arisen because we have each and all, at all costs, retained our individuality. If we lose this we are doomed. Put it, if you like, that laziness goes to the dogs.

## WASTE IN HIGH PLACES Master Jelf and the Lawyers

WE are surprised to see that Master Jelf, a high official at the Law Courts, has had to rebuke solicitors for wasting paper.

The Law Society, which is the body representing the honourable profession of the solicitors, is very much upset about it, and has issued a warning in its official organ making it clear that Sir Ernest Jelf, as Senior Master of the Supreme Court, will be on their track.

Sir Ernest has charge of the quaintly-named Scrivenery Department, into which come all sorts of legal documents and copies. In the piping days of peace law-clerks and writers were proud of their handwriting and of the way in which they set out their typewritten documents. There were wide margins, plenty of blank sheets, and not only double but triple spacing.

All this is now to stop. It is wasteful, and solicitors are reminded that there is a Control of Paper Order which came into force this year, under which paper-wasters can be prosecuted if they do not behave. Pride in penmanship or neat and spacious typing is all very well, but not in wartime.

We can well believe that Sir Ernest himself, when he writes another of the delightful ballets for children with which he mitigates the dry stream of his legal book and papers, will practise the same economy in material as he is now teaching to men who ought not to need the lesson.

## Inspiration in Oxford Street

THE Ministry of Food has had many good ideas, but none better than its little inspiration in Oxford Street.

For here, on the site of a great department-store which was bombed in the 1940 blitz, Lord Woolton set up a Christmas Fair, the only one in the street.

With scornful disregard of the wreckage all around, he installed Potato Pete in a bower of evergreen and holly, and the children and their parents queued-up in streams for the free show the moment it opened.

In less than three days 30,000 visitors had come to see how Pete cooks his potatoes. That was the purpose of the Fair, to take advantage of our splendid potato crop this year, and show us in how many new and unexpectedly delightful ways the commonplace potato can add to our food supply.

But there was "all the fun of the fair" too. The comic mirrors, the lucky dip, the mystery caverns, the cinema, and, of course, Santa Claus helping to welcome each young guest.

As a Christmas show it was admirable. As a bit of fun in solemn times it was more than welcome. But most of all as a challenge to the worst the Nazis can do it was truly British, and simply grand. We cannot pay Lord Woolton and his clever organisers any better compliment.

## Great Trees of England

WE give herewith the second list of the Great Trees of England, with the measurement of their trunks in feet at five feet from the ground; the first list appeared last week. We shall be glad to receive additions to this list or corrections of it. It may be that some of these trees have disappeared or that there are omissions of trees of equal importance to these, and as there is no complete list of great trees in existence the Editor will be grateful to anybody who will help him to compile one. This concludes our own list.

### LEICESTERSHIRE

Bradgate Park Oaks 22, 26, 30  
Donington Park Chaucer Oak 44

### LINCOLNSHIRE

Witham .. Bowthorpe Oak 45  
Woodthorpe .. Oak 37

### MIDDLESEX

Harlington .. Yew 24  
Southgate Minchenden Oak 18

### NORFOLK

Blickling Hall .. Scots Pine 18  
Great Melton Two Chestnuts 21  
Guntton .. Oak 19  
Hanworth Spanish Chestnut 24  
Hevingham .. Chestnut 21  
Kimberley Park .. Ash 22  
Kimberley Park .. Oak 20  
Merton Park .. Oak 26  
Merton Park Limes 22 and 24  
Narford Hall .. Sycamore 18  
Stratton Strawless .. Cedar 19  
Winfarthing .. Oak 35

### NORTHAMPTONSHIRE

Cranford St Andrew Elm 19  
Croughton .. Elm 25  
Hartwell .. Oaks 27 and 32  
Helmdon Churchyard Yew 22  
Lilford .. Oak 20  
Lowick .. Oak 27  
Wicken .. Gospel Elm 16  
Yardley Chase Magog Oak 31  
Yardley Chase Gog Oak 28  
Yardley Chase Cowper's Oak 30

### NOTTINGHAMSHIRE

Clipstone Parliament Oak 28  
Edwinstowe Major Oak 31  
Maplebeck .. Yew 20  
Saundby .. Cedar 16  
South Collingham Elm 17  
Welbeck Abbey Greendale Oak 35

### OXFORDSHIRE

Blenheim .. Oak 29  
Blenheim .. 19 Oaks over 20  
Blenheim .. Cedar 29  
Blenheim .. 4 Cedars over 22  
Blenheim .. Lime 26  
Ditchley Park Cedar 21  
Oxford (Magdalen) Plane 18  
Steeple Aston Sycamore 20

### SHROPSHIRE

Acton Burnell .. Yew 21  
Bucknell .. Yew 19  
Church Preen .. Yew 23  
Claverley .. Yew 30  
Craven Arms Oak 21  
Culmington .. Oak 25  
Diddlebury .. Oak 21  
Halford .. Yew 20  
Hope Baggot .. Yew 23  
Lydbury North (Plowden) Oak 21  
Nash .. Oak 28  
Norbury .. Yew 30  
Shelton Glendower's Oak 26  
Sibbury .. Yew 30  
Uppington .. Yew 30

### SOMERSET

Ashill .. Yew 25  
Bossington .. Walnut 19  
Burrington .. Yew 24  
Chilcompton .. Yew 25  
Compton Dundon .. Yew 22  
Dinder .. Yew 31  
Dunster Castle .. Elm 22  
Dunster Castle .. Oak 20  
Dunster Castle .. Poplar 21  
Enmore .. Yew 19  
Hatch Beauchamp .. Ash 17  
Kelston .. Elm 26  
Kilve .. Yew 20  
Mells Park .. Oak 24  
Nynehead (Chibley Park) Cedar 22  
Nynehead .. Plane 17  
Nynehead Chestnuts 16, 17, 19  
Nynehead .. Copper Beech 16  
Priston .. Chestnut 18  
Queen Camel Park .. Oak 37  
Seavington St Mary .. Yew 22  
Stocklinch .. Yew 20  
Westbury .. Yew 26

### STAFFORDSHIRE

Bagot's Bromley Beggar's Oak 22  
Bagot's Bromley Squitch Oak 22  
Bobbington .. Yew 21  
Draycott-in-the-Moors Yew 18  
Enville (Highgate) Chestnut 26  
Forton .. Yew 17  
Horton .. Yew 20  
Marchington (Forest Banks) Oak 22  
Oaken .. Elm 24  
Okeover Park Wishing Oak 29  
Tettenhall .. Yews 18 and 20  
Tutbury (near) .. Wych Elm 17

### SUFFOLK

Barking .. Cedar 22  
Barking .. Gospel Oak 22  
Bury St Edmunds .. Poplar 19  
East Bergholt .. Elm 31  
Hawstead Place .. Plane 20  
Hawstead Place .. 2 Planes 22  
Helmingham Park .. Oak 30  
Hengrave Park .. 2 Oaks 21  
Huntingfield Elizabeth's Oak 36  
Ickworth Park .. Oak 31  
Ipswich (Park) Chestnut 23  
Pakenham (near) .. Poplar 22  
Polstead .. Elm 21  
Polstead .. Gospel Oak 32  
Woolverstone Park .. Oak 20

### SURREY

Addlestone .. Crouch Oak 24  
Alford .. Yew 25  
Barnes .. Plane, 105 feet high  
Charlwood .. Yew 28  
Chipstead .. Yew 21  
Compton .. Cedar 17  
Crowhurst .. Yew 33  
Dunsfold .. Yew 23  
Dunsfold .. Oak 20  
Farnham Grindstone Oak 33  
Hambleton .. Yew 30  
Hambleton .. Yew 18  
Leatherhead (Cherkley) Yew 20  
Little Bookham .. Yew 24  
Mickleham (Norbury Park) Yew 22  
Richmond Park .. Oaks 20  
Send .. Elm 20  
Tandridge .. Yew 32  
Tilford .. King's Oak 26

### SUSSEX

Catsfield .. Oak 47  
Cowdray Park Elizabeth's Oak 40  
Cowdray Park .. Chestnuts 20  
Crowley .. Elm 35  
Crowhurst .. Yew 27  
Horsham .. Oak 25  
Tangmere .. Yew 24  
Woolbeding .. Tulip Tree 20

### WARWICKSHIRE

Binley .. Oak 27  
Coughton .. Oak 30  
Merevale .. Oak 45  
Wishaw .. Yew 16

### WESTMORLAND

Martindale .. Yew 20  
Patterdale .. Yew 23  
Ravenstonedale .. Beech 15

### WILTSHIRE

Edington .. Yew 21  
Ham .. Yew 18  
Little Bedwyn .. Yew 16  
Longleat .. Oak 26  
Longleat .. Oak 20  
Lynham .. Yew 25  
Saverpake Forest King Oak 24  
Tisbury .. Yew 30  
Wardour Park .. Oak 23  
Warminster .. Yew 15  
Westbury .. Chestnut 18  
West Kingston .. Yew 20

### WORCESTERSHIRE

Bockleton .. Yew 21  
Knighton .. Yew 20

### YORKSHIRE

Bingley .. Plane 20  
Cawthorpe .. Oak 48  
Easby .. Abbot's Elm 24  
Easby .. Chestnut 20  
Fountains Abbey .. Yew 25  
Guisborough .. Chestnut 23  
Thirkleby .. Sycamore 20

## BEDTIME CORNER Through the Letter-Box

BILLY was sitting on the floor one morning, playing with his toys, when his mother called: "I'm just going across to the dairy, darling! I shan't be long."

"Oh, Mummy, can't I go too?" Billy cried.

"No, better not," Mummy answered. "There's a bitter east wind blowing and it might make your cold worse." And off she went.

Not long after the front door bell rang. Now, who could that be? Billy longed to go and see, but he had promised never to go to the door when he was alone in the house. But the bell kept on ringing, and at last Billy went on tiptoe into the hall, pushed up the flap of the letter-box and peeped through.

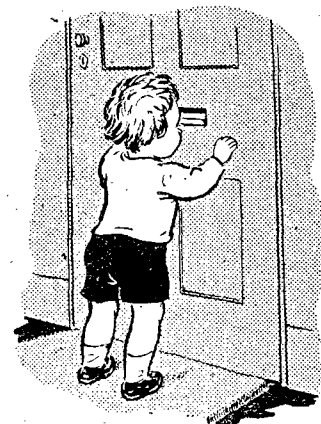
On the doorstep stood a tall sailor. Billy only knew one sailor. Greatly excited, he peeped through again.

The tall figure peeped through, too, and Billy found himself looking into a pair of very blue eyes.

"Hallo, young Bill! Why don't you let me in?"

It was Uncle Jim. The little boy flung open the door, and was instantly swung up on to his uncle's broad shoulders.

When Mummy came back from her shopping she could



hear Billy's happy laughter right across the garden. What ever could have happened?

"Mummy! Mummy! Uncle Jim's here!" cried Billy, running out to meet her. "And he's teaching me to dance the hornpipe."



The Children's Newspaper, January 9, 1943

# VENUS ENTERS THE EVENING SKY

## Wanderings of the Planets

THE planet Venus, writes the C N Astronomer, will soon be coming into view as the Evening Star. At present she is very low down in the south-west sky and sets so soon after the Sun that the possibility of seeing Venus is small; but her position will soon improve, and within the next two weeks it should be possible, with a clear sky down to the horizon, to obtain a glimpse of her before she sets. Between 5.30 and 6 o'clock will provide the best opportunity, when this brilliant silvery "star" will be the only one then visible in that region.

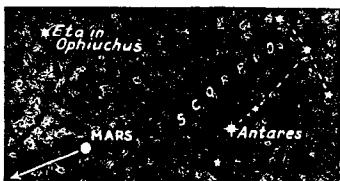
As Venus is now beginning to approach our world from far beyond the Sun, she will gradually mount higher into the western sky and soon be visible for over an hour after sunset, while becoming brighter as well. So eventually, in the spring months, Venus will be the glory of the evening sky and far surpass Jupiter, which is now the most brilliant object in the south-east sky.

It will be interesting to watch the gradual coming together of these two most brilliant planets during the next five months, for, though they at present appear at the opposite ends, as it were, of our evening sky, by the beginning of June next they will come apparently close together and pass one another. Saturn, which now appears so far away from Venus, will also apparently meet her toward the end of April. Uranus will continue to appear not far from Saturn, so the movements of all these planets, or supposed "wanderers" as their name implies, may be followed throughout the year.

### The Rival of Mars

Mars, it will be noted, is absent, for he now adorns the early morning sky; just now he is not at all bright, but may be readily identified with the aid of the star-map low in the south-east before the rising dawn dims him; from between one and two hours before sunrise would be the best time to look for Mars. At present he appears a little way to the left of Antares, the reddish star which looks very similar to Mars; so much is this the case that the ancient astronomers noted it and gave this star its singular name, which is derived from "anti" and "Ares;" Ares was the Greek name for Mars, so "Anti-Ares" expressed their idea of "Rival of Mars," which has come down to us through 2500 years as Antares.

Mars, however, will not for long appear in the vicinity of Antares as he is speeding rapidly to the left, as shown in the star-map by the arrow which indicates the extent of this motion



The present position of Mars relative to Antares

during next week. He is now slowly coming nearer to us week by week, and so will gradually appear brighter as the months go by, though it will be long ere he appears as bright even as Saturn does now.

Mars will remain in the morning sky throughout spring and summer, but will gradually travel toward the other planets, and by November next will congregate with the other planets, Venus, Jupiter, Saturn, and Uranus, in a grand planetary display in the morning sky, in which they will all be assembled, the evening sky being bereft of their glory.

By the end of the year Mars will have become a brilliant rival to Jupiter, and eventually all these planets will re-enter the evening sky, while Mercury will continue to alternate every few weeks between the morning and evening twilight. G. F. M.

### Children's Hour

Here are details of the BBC broadcasts from Wednesday, January 6, to Tuesday, January 12.

WEDNESDAY, 5.20 Big Tich and Little Tich; the true story of two moorhens, by Phyllis Kelway; followed by a talk by Commander Gould, The Star Gazer.

THURSDAY, 5.20 Bow Bells, a play by David Scott-Daniell about the real Dick Whittington.

FRIDAY, 5.20 "Rashie-Coat," a fairy play, with music, written by R. G. MacCallum, giving the Scottish version of Cinderella.

SATURDAY, 5.20 Songs by Wilfred Shearn; followed by a talk by Alice Ogden, A Childhood in Cornwall, 75 Years Ago; and F. N. S. Creek will discuss Rugger with a group of boys.

SUNDAY, 5.20 My Indian Hero, a true story by Telli Baba, an Englishman who knows India well; followed by Consider the Birds, the first of a series of six talks by Laurens Sargent; and Norman Stone will sing some songs of Sir Walford Davies.

MONDAY, 5.20 News From Sherwood. In this new series of talks by Geoffrey Hoyland we shall hear of the adventures and pastimes of a group of boys who formed a club of Robins with Mr Hoyland as Robin Hood; followed by Music for Dancing, by John Keir Cross; and The Story of Martha Much-to-Do, by E. Herbert Morris.

TUESDAY, 5.30 Corporal Boston, an American coloured soldier, will tell the delightful Uncle Remus story of the Tar Baby, and other coloured soldiers will sing some Negro songs and spirituals.

## Good-Morning to the Moon

We take these two scraps from one of our letters; they are written by the daughter of an old friend who wrote much for the C N in the happy days of Peace.

I AM up at six in the morning, and so start my day with a halloo to the stars when I take out the ashes to the dustbin, and if the moon is up I bid her Good-morning and tell her I hope that she has concerned herself only with lovers and fairies and furred and feathered night folk and has piloted no planes to bring death and disaster on humble folk and historic and beautiful things. If her slate is clean she smiles as brightly as ever; if not she hastily veils herself in a cloud.

WE had a three-hour ride through the forest. How beautiful the dark, shiny-leaved, scarlet-berried hollies looked against the silver trunks of the beeches and above the copper carpet of fallen leaves I cannot hope to tell you. Free of the woods there were the rolling, dipping moors with their brooks and bogs and hills, above us the blue and white sky, all round us the blustering north wind, and below us the two goodliest stout-hearted ponies in the world. Grey Lad philosophical, kindly and worthy; Bracken all fire and frolic and tossing head and eager pullings on the bit.

It was a splendid break, and we agreed that it was a good world in spite of tanks and planes and bombs and bayonets. Who knows, perhaps we shall outgrow all these things one day.

## THANKS TO THE BANKS

The Banks have been great savers of paper during the war on waste.

Barclays has disposed of about 90,000 ledgers, weighing about 900 tons; by reducing the size of forms a ribbon of paper eight inches wide and 45 miles long has been saved.

Lloyds has saved 2000 tons of paper-making material.

Martin's Bank has saved about 750 tons of paper; Coutts Bank has given up 63 tons of ledgers in 18 months, and hundreds of tons have been saved by the Royal Bank of Scotland.

One department of the Bank of England is saving a million and a half sheets of paper by using them on both sides.

It is the same with metal. Lloyds Bank has given up 63 tons of railings and 50 tons of letterpresses and other articles.

So the good work goes on, and it must continue, for the nation is urgently needing another 100,000 tons of waste-paper.

## THINGS SEEN

A seagull settling on the head of a hungry pilot adrift in his rubber boat.

Schoolchildren delivering the Christmas post.

A dog looking right and left before crossing the street in Derby.

Rambler roses, marigolds, and polyanthus blooming in a Kent garden as the year ended; and a pound of raspberries gathered on Boxing Day.

## Front Zone Town to the Arctic

We have received from a Russian correspondent, Mikhail Rudin, this description of a friendship between Russian schoolchildren and an Arctic wintering party.

A PARTY wintering at Arctic Station in the Soviet North agreed to give up part of their earnings for the benefit of children who had lost parents at the Front.

Some schoolchildren sent the wintering party a letter by radio. They told them about their own lives and what they were doing.

"We are trying to get on well at school and help the Front all we can," they said. "The elder children attend military training classes. We visit hospitals and send presents to the Front. In summertime we worked in the fields and got very sunburned and hardy."

"We live fairly close to the Front, so we have to observe all A R P rules. Alerts don't frighten us much, because we know we have such good anti-aircraft guns, and the Germans don't often bother us now. Teacher tells us about Soviet Information Bureau's latest communiqués, and in our spare time we go to the movies and see newsreels called From Patriotic War Front. Write and tell us if you have travelling movie-shows, and which pictures you've seen out there in the Arctic."

"All the orphans at our school send cordial pioneer greetings to you and the children of the wintering party, if there are any."

The schoolchildren of the Front Zone received an answer to their letter, and its arrival was greeted with general enthusiasm; their connection with the world was growing by leaps and bounds. All had friends among Red Army commanders and fighters, whose addresses they kept carefully in their school satchels, and now they had enlarged their list of friends by the members of the Arctic wintering party, the men whose lives were spent in storm, blizzard, and the gloom of Arctic night.

The wintering party told of their own lives, how hard they were working preparing deliveries of fur and fish so that the Red Army might be well clothed and well fed. That mighty messenger the radio, they said, brought them the news from the Front every day.

"Here in the Arctic rear," they wrote, "we are taking a military training course, but compared with you we are novices. We haven't been under fire or smelt powder yet. We haven't any children except one little boy of three, who is so wrapped up in furs that it's hard to tell him from a bear-cub."

The wintering party wound up with a request that the children of Front Zone Town would keep up the correspondence.



## CROSS? PEEVISH?

Little insides need the safe, GENTLE Laxative—Complaxa

Harsh, griping, pinching laxatives are not good for children's delicate organs. Mothers, be on the safe side—give your children Complaxa—the Complete laxative—that won't pinch or gripe, but is coaxingly soothing—just what every child needs occasionally to keep its little inside sweet and clean. Of pleasant orange flavour.

Price, 1/5, including postage tax, from Boots, Timothy Whites, Tailors and all chemists. Sole Distributors: SCOTT & BOWNE LTD., Wexham Springs, Stoke Poges, Slough, Bucks.

**Complaxa**  
THE Complete LAXATIVE  
\* Eat as a Sweet \*

Best Value for Money—  
Best Value for Coupons!

**Walters' Palm Toffee**

Control Price 5<sup>d</sup> per qtr.  
DELIGHTS—STRENGTHENS—SUSTAINS



# BRAN TUB

## OF COURSE

AN old Negro in the United States had just reached his hundredth birthday, and a local paper sent its representative to interview him.

"And to what do you attribute your long life?" the old man was asked.

"Oh, because I was born a long time ago!" he replied.

## Other Worlds

IN the evening the planets Jupiter, Saturn, and Uranus are in the south-east. In the morning Mars is low in the south-east; Jupiter and Saturn are in the west. The picture shows the Moon as it may be seen at 6 p.m. on Friday, January 8.

## ...and the LIGHTS will come back...

Have you ever thought that kiddies are growing up who have never seen a lighted street lamp? It is a strange world that children are living in to-day, and yet they are thriving. 'Milk of Magnesia' has done a good job in helping to keep the health standard of children high by correcting minor upsets of the digestion, so important in the 'growing-up' period. By helping to safeguard our children, 'Milk of Magnesia' is assisting in building the sound health of the men and women of to-morrow.



'MILK OF MAGNESIA'  
Trade mark of Phillips' preparation of magnesia

# Flu-Colds

## need this DIRECT relief

Nose clogged, throat sore, chest tight and achy... You've got a "flu-cold"! Bring help straight to those irritated air-passages—quickly. Rub "Vick" on throat, chest, and back. Its healing vapours, breathed in for hours, soothe irritation, check coughing. Like a poultice, "Vick" wains away chest tightness. This double action breaks up most colds overnight.



## Time Flies

THE watch is ticking, ticking,  
Ticking the hours away;  
And minutes make up the hour,  
And hours make up the day.

The clock is striking, striking  
The hours so loud and clear;  
The hours make up the day,  
And the days make up the year.

## TWINS

"HAVE you met the Mum twins?" asked a small boy.

"No, I have not," replied his sister. "Who are they?"

"Oh, merely maximum and minimum!" he returned, as he ran off.

## Cross Word Puzzle

**Reading Across.** 1 An outfit. 3 Payment in addition to a dividend. 6 French for and. 7 Obstruction. 8 Tracts of wooded land. 11 Claw of a bird of prey. 13 Part of the foot. 14 Uproar. 15 Source of water. 18 An age. 17 Commerce. 18 Resembling a stone. 20 Cereal plant. 21 Denotes contiguity. 22 Wheels provided with shock absorbers. 23 Donkey.

**Reading Down.** 1 British hawk. 2 Pronoun, neuter gender. 3 Farm storage building. 4 Mineral from which metals are obtained. 5 Not related. 7 Footwear. 8 To rest on a liquid surface. 9 To benefit. 10 Choices. 12 In a light, gay manner. 15 Formal document in writing. 17 Frog-like reptile. 19 Useful for cultivation. 21 Expresses equality.

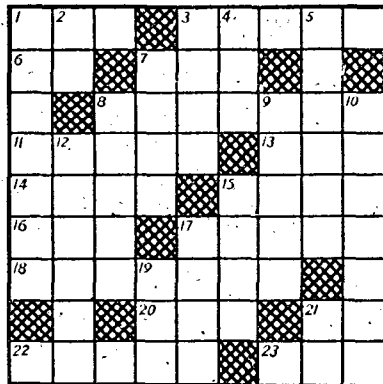
Answer next week

## BEWARE

THERE was an old man of Nash-pare  
Who always would dine on  
jugged hare,  
Till one day in spring—  
Could you think such a thing?  
He simply did nothing but stare.

From staring he never once  
stopped,  
With one ear straight up and one  
lopped.  
Until the next spring,  
When, ting-a-ling-ling,  
All over the township he hopped.

All over the township he went,  
With one foot straight out and  
one bent,  
Till he got to the park,  
And then—hush and hark!  
He sat down quite thoroughly  
spent.  
So, children, beware  
Of too much jugged hare.



## Jacko Travels Fast



MEANING to make the most of the snow while it lasted, Jacko made a fine pair of skis and took them to the top of a steep road. Then down he rushed at a terrific speed. An astonished policeman jumped for his life.

## Do You Live at Preston?

THIS name means Priest's town, and the town is probably so called because of a monastery that once existed there.

## Michigan's Food Lakes

A PART from the great lake of the same name the American State of Michigan is famous for its lakes, no fewer than 6454 having been named.

Among these are many named after food, Breakfast, Lunch, Dinner, Meal, and Picnic Lakes perhaps having been the halting-places for meals of the old pioneers. There are, too, Lamb, Liver, Chicken-bone, Goose Neck,

Oyster, Egg, Cucumber, and Pepper Lakes. The Lake Menu also contains Honey, Raisin, and Peach, while drinks are provided in Coffee, Milk, and Buttermilk Lakes. There are many named after berries, and, of course, such a list must include some Cooks. There are three Cook Lakes.

## DARK

SAID a young man to his elderly friend:

"How foolish some of our sayings are. Now take, for example, 'As black as a hat'; hats are made in all colours."

"Quite so," replied his friend; "but I should define it 'darkness that may be felt.'"

## NEW INDUSTRIES IN THE PEACE

The Boy Talks With the Man

**Boy.** A little while ago we talked of how Britain is to earn her living after the war and so to carry on a bigger trade at home and abroad. How can this be done in practice?

**Man.** You ask a very difficult question. You will remember that I pointed out that in future we must rely on a greater degree of enterprise and skill than ever before. We must educate ourselves in the widest sense, calling out the best that is in us. We may gain encouragement from the extraordinary degree of ability and enterprise which has built up our magnificent armaments industry in three years, but we must remember that munitions is a home industry, fed by imported materials, some of which we have not even to pay for. After the war we can only earn imports by paying for them in exports; and what you are really asking is: how are we to rebuild and expand our export trade?

**Boy.** For example, what new trade can take the place of our shipping, which before the war earned so many exports?

**Man.** We need not assume that our shipping trade will be lost, but it is true that we are only too likely to lose part of it to other nations. I think we are entitled to suppose that Air Transport will afford compensation. The air will come to be traversed by a complexity of air lines of various and growing dimensions, carrying both passengers and goods, and the use of private planes, costing anything from £150 to £2000, will be prodigious. In this great work British enterprise will be able to play a much more than sufficient part to atone for loss of

so much of our former shipping trade.

**Boy.** What of electricity and its countless applications?

**Man.** We cannot in the ordinary sense export electricity, but it is a promising feature that electricity will play a great part in promoting industries having export branches. You may be sure that anything done to perfect British electrification will indirectly expand export trade. The wireless department alone is likely to build a fine export trade, while the electro-chemical and electro-metallurgical industries will grow enormously, both in their home and export branches. You will see that the Government has promised to develop electricity in Scotland, thus providing a home development which must bear upon exports, by increasing our supplies of energy.

**Boy.** Other countries also will be improving their powers of production and world competition.

**Man.** That is so; but do not forget that the world of the future will contain a very much bigger number of good customers. The standard of living of the whole world will certainly rise, and that means that all trades will be called upon for more goods. If we go back to the 18th century we find that what trade figures existed were meagre, and we may be quite sure that the trade returns of the end of this century will dwarf the figures of 1938. But trade will go to those who deserve it, given equality of opportunity, and, as I have said already, the first factor in lasting success is actually Education.

## Now I'm WARM AS TOAST.

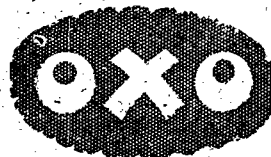
How kiddies love Hot

OXO on cold raw days

—the drink that warms

them right through to

the fingertips



OF SPECIAL VALUE FOR  
GROWING CHILDREN.